UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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VOLUME XXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1193.

Original Poetry.

MAY DAY.

WRITTEN AT LAUREL HILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST. BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

"The Druid groves are gone."—*Sue Jones*

Like children pleased with unbridled glee.
The soft spring breezes are abroad to-day,
And blooming flowers, and foliage massled tree,
Smile gladly at the presence greet Mary.
Here, too, let me, my willing bosque pay.

To thee, sweet queen of beauty and of song—
Here is this lonely grave yard, far away
From all the noisy din of busy life belong
To the fierce world of strife, the city's restless throng

Ye flowers that here from death your life receive,
Shed balmier air around our shrine I devote,
That breathing your sweet incense I may weave
A sweeter strain, the minty past my theme
Soft voices in the air, and gentle sighing stream:
They' the warm remembrance post-ripped air,
And lengthen the thrilling emotion of the heart,
Whereon ye your like a maiden fair,
Nor leaf nor memory of the past withered there

Three was a time, sweet May, when early dawn
Call'd forth the villagers, a joyful train,
To greet the morning in dewy lawn,
And hail rejoicing thy return again
That time has passed, and now I come
The flowers that round thy footsteps ever cling,
And still the wild hard pipes her merry strain
Beneath the shadow of the hawthorn tree
Thy worshippers are these, and these thy praises sing

Still in their years Interpenetrated onward treads
The spirit of the past, what has fallen
As the sweet spells that moonlight o'er us sheds
Grow pale and wane in the morning sky,
And here I mourn, sweet May, with moisten'd eye
The absence of those revels, so sacred,
When with the moments sped so fleetly by,
When hearts grew like-warm never, and the sure
Of joy pervaded all, and sorrow fled afar

Back, oh my spirit, to the olden times,
When in the merry greenwood's twilight shade
The lovers met and vowed their faith and hymns
In honor of some gentle rural maid!
Methinks I see, in fairy garments arrayed,
A playful band go laughingly along;—
I see them winding their the early glade
I hear the gushing gladness of their song,
How soft and really low, now rising bold and strong

Of your nonchalance in the first
would have been of short du-
ment, I'm sure. Well, I'm
proper with this statement,
to all time it continues
Wishing you
Yours, very truly,
Gentlemen are prepared only by
Third street, Philadelphia.

CHITIS.

Sweet Fe., Jan. 22, 1841.

a long time severely afflict-
ed with the Chitis, and
in the human race to a pe-
ed the most eminent phy-
wonderful efficacy of your
ed to me by a friend, I
ing it. I purchased one bot-
ore I had taken half of it
ed entirely well. I have
ed it to several persons
and all the same end result.
ly recommend it to the
JONATHAN DAVIS.
Agent for Montgomery county.

of Town, Pa., Aug. 27, 1838.
ave been using your Expec-
ve found it to be a most
Coughs, Inflammation of
ly recommend it to the
the best medicine I have ever
WILLIAMS, M. D.

Dr. Lazear's Expectorant—M.st
ve been afflicted with a severe
most eighteen months and
ecame lost somewhat and other
ed to me, I was induced to
ttle, and found relief after
ed it. I have since used it
ly recommend it to all
ring from a cough.
ELIZABETH ROBERTS.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.
Dr. Lazear's Expectorant—I have
ed it in my family for the last
ve found it a most excellent
ough, and have frequently
ers to use it, and they have
ed by it. I have also used it
ld, and can recommend it as
ough remedy.
JOHN QUIGLEY, M. D.

Philadelphia.

Mansion, N. J., Feb. 12, 1839.
Dr. Lazear's Expectorant—I
this I can safely recommend it as
ough remedy for Coughs, Colds,
ave been exceedingly ill. Two
ed to bed before and that for best
ly bed. I was under the neces-
ing a physician, but after
ve, after using a few bottles of
ound myself entirely well.
JOHN C. PEAS.

ent Church at Haddonfield, N. J.
Lazear, Dec. 20 South Third
ave used the last Jayne's Ex-
ative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and
June 17-1y

OR A BALD HEAD.

ARE YOU BALD? DR. JAYNE'S HAIR
ARE YOU GRAY? DR. JAYNE'S HAIR
ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH DANDRUFF?
DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic
to hundreds of elders especially
of singular efficacy of JAYNE'S

Philadelphia, Feb. 15, 1840.
Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic—I have
before I decided change my
ed to your Hair Tonic, and
ve used it, my hair has
ed, and I am now in the
Those with little or no hair that
ed your Hair Tonic, and
ve used it, have been
ly, if not quite, as much
ir as myself. I am, Sir,
ly,
GEORGE W. EATON.
Attorney, Market, corner of Second
HAIR TONIC, as recom-
ve, is prepared and sold
according to the directions
ARD, No. 146 North Second
the YOUNG HAIR are
ed at the Manufactory, and
ve Drug Stores in Philadel-
ROBERTS, Methodist Minister.
Salem, Salem county, N. J.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.
No. 1 feel that I can hardly say
ough, for I have used it
ime, and feel however very thin
ir now is considerably thicker
ed. I have also used your
ve found it to be a most
ROBERT SMITH, M. D.,
No. 24 Chestnut street.

ering letter from a sense of duty
ing to the public, I feel it my
ve. We know Dr. Sperry per-
ve have used his Pills in our
ect respect. He is an old surgeon
ve used his medicines in Phila-
ve have ever found them to be
ed's Tonic. Oct. 10, 1839.
ed your Pills in my family for
ths. Several years ago my wife
ed with a severe attack of
ve used your Pills, and found
ve relief. Since that time I have
ommended for the best cathar-
ve ever used. I have used them
ve found them to be all that is
think are, and since we believe it
ve given a certificate, recommending
ve not been induced to do so from
per, but on a case like this I
ve to suppress it seeing facts so
ve no scruples in saying them to all
JOHN QUIGLEY, M. D.

Philadelphia.

Original Tales.

THE TWO BRIDES.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST. BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

The glorious summer sun was sinking west-
ward of the richly wreathed land of Ferdinand
and Isabella, and a crimson glory lay on the
ancient spires of Toledo, and floated over the
tall summits of the crested Moorea, like the
streaming banner of an ideal robe. A young
and exceedingly beautiful maiden was watch-
ing the fading of that glory from one bleak
mountain of the distant range, with eyes in
which her whole soul seemed centered, for
they did indeed burn in their radiance from
beneath which the spirit looked out, and with
her cheeks, and even the rich young lips, were
white as alabaster.

None could have penetrated beneath the
statue-like stillness of form and feature, to the
living, glowing heart of that strange girl, who
remained alone, and to all wild emotions, by
one firm purpose; and sit there amid the mag-
nificence of her father's princely domain,
dreaming of a bridal. Yes, a bridal with the
mild the misty outline of Moorea grew indis-
tinct upon the eastern horizon. then she arose,
covered with a heavy mantle of fur, and
trudged in its deep black by her shining tresses,
and calling an attendant, went forth into the
garden that lying in the richest blossoms over the
clear ripples of the wealthy Tagus.

At that same season, a noble youth was
going madly up and down a spacious hall in
the royal palace of Toledo, with an open letter
clenched spasmodically in his trembling hand.
Now he would pause and dwell with bloodshot
eyes upon the parchment; then with a groan
of agony strike his hand against his forehead,
or his throbbing breast, and recommence his
walk.

"I will see her," he cried, at length. "I
must, I will know what has actuated her to
this."

He was a princely personage, and his dress
flashing with gems, and his stature tall and
equal to his birth. But his brow was now
dark with agony, and his frame shook, while
broken sentences, and in bitter tones, be-
trayed at once suspicion, rage, and sorrow. A
page entered, bent the knee, and bade him at-
tend the queen in her private apartment.
The shadow on his face darkened momently,
but with mighty effort he choked down his
feelings, and followed the messenger.

* * * * * * *

It was midnight, still, beautiful midnight!
The stormy passions of human passions was
asleep, and the angel ministers of God walked
lightly upon the silent waters, leaving their
impressed shadows on the sea, or mirror, as they
passed. Beside the gently murmuring Tagus,
to a vine covered arbor, into which streamed
the pure light of the full moon, sat that still
season the lovely maid, with only one compa-
nion. He was an aged man, in the coarse
garment of a religious order, tall and square of
person, and in countenance pale, intellectual,
and commanding. Yet there was a mild light
in his deep, piercing eye, and a placid expres-
sion upon his noble brow, that bespoke the
control of a pure and holy principle. Deep
and earnest was his speech, and when, at
length, his listener prest her hand with an ex-
pression of agony upon her heart, he noticed
the action, and proceeded—

"Ah, lady, I know that the heart will hardly
be subdued, but the greater the struggle, so
much greater the triumph. Pray fervently for
grace, to dethrone all your idols, especially
that which your heart holds best and dearest.
Give to your spiritual bridegroom an undivided
heart, for he is a jealous God, he will not give
his glory to another. He will not fix his throne
beside the shrine of an idol. We must deny
ourselves: forsake all our earthly loves, and
give him all our heart. We must 'crucify the
flesh, with the affections and lusts.' Its affec-
tions! all its natural affections; they are all
unholy!"

She arose, clasped her hands, and looking
with a beamup countenance towards heaven,
cried in tones of fervent devotion, "Blessed
Jesus! I resign all for Thee. I will have no
other riches, no other house, no other love. I
am henceforth only Thine!"

Then sat down henceforth holy and happy."
replied the priest. "Now, good night. I will
see thee again to-morrow."

Awhile she sat with clasped hands, and
eyes raised toward heaven; then rising, left
the bower, and walked slowly along the moon-
lit path toward the house. Suddenly a shadow
fell on her way, she raised her eyes, and the
next moment was clasped to the bosom of the
noble youth whom we have seen at the palace
in Toledo.

"Blessed be the saint," he cried, "who
brought me hither—excluding me from your
your strange letter, I hastened hither, in the
hope of seeing you, and learning wherein I
have displeased you. What has offended or
ced you to cast me off in such a cold and heart-
less manner."

"Count Lara," she answered, and her voice
was calm, but low as the faintest whisper of
an Æolian harp; "you have in no way offen-
ded me, neither have you displeased me
in my renunciation of your love." A percep-
tible emotion accompanied the utterance of the
last word, and he felt that he held trouble
violently as she attempted to withdraw it.

"Joanna," he said, with emotion, "have you
ceased to love, or do you love another?"

"I love another," she said, solemnly; "but
it is no mortal man. Count Lara, the affec-
tions which you profess to have for me, are but
a holier object. I shall be not your bride, but
the devoted spouse of the blessed Son of Mary.
I have vowed to him that my heart, I can no
longer love you. Count Lara. Wherefore came
you hither to distort the holy repose of my
soul?"

"Joanna! who has persuaded you to this?
Who has taught you that marriage is displea-
sing in Him who made us male and female
from the beginning? Who when He had creat-
ed the first pair blessed them, evidently com-
manding the conjugal state, and the pure
duties of life! Oh! believe me, beloved girl,
this monastic seclusion is but an innovation of
the living Satan."

"Speak not thus sacrilegiously, Count, I can-
not listen to such dreadful words. No man has
persuaded me to this determination, but my
God, I feel it to be at once my duty and my
happiness: and none shall dissuade me from
my determination."

The miserable young man knelt down at her
feet, and besought her by her young, pure love,
by all the sacred vows which passed his lips,
had woven in blessed days gone by, by the
peace and happiness of her future life, and by
the agonies of his breaking heart, to abandon
her dreadful purpose.

"Urge me not," she said, "as useless, I
am already bound by a vow to Heaven."

"You will repent," he said, "when it is too
late."

"I trust in God, never," was her reply
"And now, Count Lara, farewell." And with
flying footsteps she left him, and soon entered
her own chamber. "The former days of death
is past," she said, and sunk down upon her
couch, pale, still, and almost dying.

He from whom she so abruptly fled re-
mained statue-like, with eyes fixed on the
point where she had vanished from his view.
Love, hope, and rage struggled for mastery in
his heart, and terrible were the emotions which
swept like fiery and of tempest over his soul.
Then he arose, and left him, and forever, as sudden, so unexpected
had her flight been. At length he rose slowly
from his seat, and left vacantly around him.

"And I shall see her no more," he said
"she who has been my soul's best so many
years for whom alone I lived, and sought
fame and glory. I sought the plaudits of the
world only that she might hear it voice my
praise, and think with pride upon one who
sought to be great and honored, only that I
might bring her a suitable exchange for her
own high birth and fortune. I have dreamed of her, a
long sweet dream, and death were better than
this fearful waking. What have I now to live
for? I have striven in vain to make myself fit
to obey her mandate in the madness of my
agony because I would see Joanna, and know
assuredly that I cast not in vain. Oh, that
thing dir me now. I am utterly undone. Oh,
Joanna! Joanna! light of my immortal spirit!
Joanna! Joanna! forever! forever!" Then he
blinded to believe that God requires this
of thee. To crucify thy young heart, to bury
thy affections, and with such a lovely form
sings, and thus despise His richest gifts, to
doom to endless torture him who loved thee so
tenderly, and will watch a lady love! Oh,
God! forgive her, and require not this agony
of her tender heart. Oh! that I knew to what
region of space she has been permitted to fly. It
would be a poor consolation to know the place
in which she is buried alive. Oh! that she lay
dead before me, then I could rend my soul in
veritable mandate of heaven, but now—to lose
her thus. Life to me is henceforth a burden;
I will go forth among the cities of strange, cold,
and alive, that mantle the gentle earth below:
grasses of every hue gem the branches of the
shining trees, and which the vines are
enwreathed like golden chains strung with
coarse jewels, and the vale is bordered with the
pearl, the topaz, and the amethyst, and incon-
ceivable shrubs and plants bending with their
cious berries, or breathing incense from the
richest bowl, and the delightful fragrance
blossoms: a stream, clear, as if of molten
diamonds, sports down a ravine, and lingers
along the valley, gleaming in silvery mazes of
admiration the bending branches beside its
white pebbled bed.

On a gentle acclivity at the north of this
little Eden stood, at the time of which I am
speaking, the Santa Maria Nunnery, a strong
and massive building, with walls, and gates,
and towers, which overlooked the valley, thus
commanding a prospect every way calculated
to calm and soothe, and purify the soul.
Within the halls and cells of this convent were
congregated a sisterhood of nuns, living in the
purity of seclusion, abstinence, prayer, and
praise. That sweet valley was to them the
world, and form its still beauty they raised
their hearts and hopes to Heaven. It was
sweet to see them assembled at the still hour
of midnight blending their orisons in that beau-
tiful chapel, where all the arts seemed to have
displayed their rarest gems to please mortals.
Meek gliding forms, in white robes, and long
black veils, with downcast eyes, and placid
foreheads; cheeks like snow, and lips chaste
ever a smiling pensiveness, they knelt on the
marble floor, and mingled their hearts with
their soft musical voices, while the very atmos-
phere around them seemed purity and peace.
None could look on them and deem that be-
hearts had not fallen the frost blight of disap-
pointment or affliction.

It was a beautiful midnight, just seven years
from the parting of Count Lara, and his Joanna
on the banks of the Tagus. It was just such
another night, clear, bright, and spiritual. I
say spiritual, for it lacked the warm mists and
warbling birds of love, young hope, and every
human sympathy; none could have deemed
that they were mostly victims of their own
hearts, or the crimes and tyrannies of others,
yet so it was. Few came there on whose

"Thine, and thine only."

"Then let this paper be kept a secret till the word be spoken that makes us one."

She raised her swimming eyes to his with a wistful, irresistible look, but the happy youth clasped her in his heart, and she murmured,

"For your sake, Albert, it shall be so."

CHAPTER III.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold.
Unbind the fair, dew-sparkling tresses
And weave thy shadowy locks of gold.

Light Genius dressed in flowery wreaths,
With open gaze their beauty views,
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round the dew-girt Hours.

Beaumont.

Purity and Freshness, twin sisters of the blooming Spring, wherever your shining footprints were, there is beauty.

Blossoms in the orchard, and blossoms in the field; gushing streams have put on their liquid gold-embroidered vests and purple-velvet coats, and the modest periwinkle shakes its pretty azure bells in the morning breeze. Every day changes are wrought by each succeeding day.

Broader and longer spread the delicate-fringed leaves, the rose-bush adds a deeper tinge to its wealth of green, dark and deeper grow the clustering grass and clover, and the chambering vines stretch farther still their young tendrils, and cling confidingly to the tallest support.

The swelling peony is ready to burst with its wealth of folded crimson leaves, and the bee unceremoniously turns upon the honey-locust, but now its canopy of pale green blossoms. The bird is preparing for the bright-eyed summer a robe of emerald hue, and a nuptial coronal of flowers. But the happy party assembled to witness the nuptials of the sparkling sisters would be scarcely less happy, were nature sleeping in the embrace of winter.

A morning bride!—it suited well the bright, star-like beauty of Lucy Gray, and the blush of dawn was rivalled by the deeper rich bloom upon the cheek of Henrietta Mowbray.

Proud and happy were the bridegrooms who led them forth. The holy rean pronounced the ceremony and the benediction, and all assembled in a prayer for the blessing of God to rest upon the future destiny of the newly wedded.

ESTELLE A——

Kalamazoo Gazette.

Agricultural.

CURE OF SWINEY.

Swiney is a disease, by which many of our finest real horses are annually retired from the saddle or harness, and turned out to pasture as almost worthless, or sold for one-third their value. We have seen and tried a number of prescriptions for the relief of this troublesome affection of the shoulder, such as rowing, firing with the oil of earth worms, and various stimulating liniments, the introduction of setons, lengthy incisions with a depsest of pulpit rost, to produce suppuration, &c.; many of which are worthless, and others fatal to the horse.

The disease may be cured in less than a month, and the horse used daily if necessary, though it is best to give him rest if convenient. As soon as you discover the disease—which will be known by noticing the horse while standing still, and it may be seen even in the stall, he will sustain the weight of the body on the opposite limb, and put forward the limb of the affected side, permitting it to touch the ground lightly; in walking which, after you have hill, the muscle upon the shoulder becomes thin, and in many instances the whole contracted and tight,—put a twist upon his upper lip, and introduce the small blade of a common pocket knife, (the point of which must be sharp,) into the thinnest part of the shoulder, which will be near the upper margin of the shoulder blade, and push it directly in until you reach the bone, holding the knife as you would a pen when writing, and scratch up the round-nine that covers the bone for a space the size of a silver dollar, the knife may then be withdrawn, and after the small quantity of blood that follows is wiped away, the orifice will not be seen. The knife may be used in the ordinary in one or two places below the first, and used in the same way, and the operation is over. This may be repeated in six or eight days, we have but seldom found it necessary to repeat the operation more than once or twice, and in many cases a single operation will effect a cure.—Southern Cultivator.

PULVERIZING TO THE SOIL.

It was the opinion, of the celebrated Tull, that good and superior crops might be produced from the same soil for an indefinite period, simply by maintaining the soil in a finely pulverized state, in order that the roots of the growing crop might find the nourishment in every direction in quest of food; and notwithstanding the fallacy of the theory, as far as it regards the efficacy of the same mode of pulverization without other physical means, no one can doubt the very great, we had almost said indispensable necessity, of thoroughly reducing the soil for a tilled crop. A very large proportion of the fertility of every soil is derived from the atmosphere—principally from carbonic acid, as even demonstrated scientific, and by which it becomes charged with the elements of fertility by fructifying gaseous agents, the action of which, under proper circumstances, and the laws of a well balanced and regulated economy, are indispensable in the primary development and final maturation of the fruit. Of the many varied and volatile substances imbibed by the soil, the most important, perhaps, is that known as regards its action upon vegetation, is ammonia; in fact, the latter is generally conceded wherever large quantities of animal manures are used, or permitted to ferment, in a free atmosphere, in proximity with the soil. Now the quality of the soil to absorb this gas, depends upon its fineness, its porosity and the minute particles or disintegration of the granules of which it is composed. The more complete this operation is performed, the more copious, of course, will be the influx of this fertilizing gas, and the more permeable will the soil be to the roots by which it is to be absorbed and taken up. If it should ever be remembered, that other circumstances being similar, the absorbent capacity of the soil is governed by the *ratio of the surface exposed.*—*Maine Farmer.*

POISONOUS EFFECTS OF MILK WHEN KEPT IN ZINC VESSELS.—The following extract will show the danger and folly of the practice of keeping milk in zinc bowls, a custom which has lately become very common. These articles being sold with the recommendation of a larger quantity of cream being produced, is no doubt a fallacious assertion.

"I can positively have believed," says Dr. Elsaesser, of Berlin, "that zinc vessels could have come into use for holding fluids used for alimentary purposes, as Vanquelin, forty years ago, proved that such were certain, after a short time, to hold a considerable proportion of zinc in solution. I have found by experience that a solution of sugar which had stood only a few hours in the summer in a zinc vessel, contained a considerable amount of zinc salts. It has been often stated that the cream will separate more easily in zinc vessels, and the latter be kept for a short time in a zinc vessel. As however, it is known, that milk will turn acid much sooner than a solution of sugar, it is the more to be apprehended that some poisonous salt of zinc, and milk will be the result. In the same manner, as it is well known that even a small amount of arsenic will poison a large mass of nutritive matter."—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

PLANTING TREES.—As Mr. Ketchum, of Westchester, has very successful in planting trees, I requested him to give me his method on dentist, which he did very willingly. He says to getting the trees, seal them as early as should be dug two feet and a half deep, or at least four feet in diameter. Then fill the dug surface soil, taken from the hole, and any other convenient place, around the tree in a narrow hill of compost like a sugar trip with. When the trees are ready to be taken up, be good soil and compost, with the trees, then it is dressed to set the better. Next, working place the tree and with a spade, cut the earth the tree back-wards and upwards down into, after which they will be set the tree, and had with a large mallet. Stake is removed, The subsoil should be thrown over the hole, and some coarse material to manure trees, Mr. K. thinks that it is not necessary to dig deep for the first year, that it can only cause trees to sag and hinder vigorous growth, but a good mulch and of a short, deeper the following year.—*Farmer.*

ORIGIN OF THE TARTARS.—Chardin, during his travels in Georgia, gives the following account of the grand destiny of Tartary. The particular method of raising them is: Instead of rearing them from seed, with they do not succeed well, they cut them too long a process, they dry them in a chimney these which they propagate, and in spring, when the land them is arrived, they cut them small into quarters, but so as not to separate the joints entirely one from the other, set these pieces in rows, where they presently, in good and well dug, but not freshly manured, at about ten inches from each other, and two inches deep. These come increase extraordinarily, and grow large and strong.

☞ Upwards of 2,000 barrels of flour (if we cannot each five bushels of wheat as a barrel of flour) are shipped from Buffalo every day.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1841.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the new premiums.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of the new premium.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of the new premium.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, the eighteen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two premiums.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, forty copies of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The candidates are now matched for the great race for the Presidency, which comes off on the first Monday and Tuesday in next month. Three candidates, for each of the two offices, will keep the newspapers, generally, full of electioneering news and keep the people in a ferment on behalf of their respective favorites. Turn which way we will, some indication of this strife political meets our eyes and ears. If a few of our men are together, it is ten to one, that their conversation is either directly connected with the game—electioneering—or has an incidental bearing upon it. Strawberries and cream cannot be discussed without a dash of the acid of politics; nine tailors in a row, when not discussing tough as that ancient subject; fresh salmon is not so eagerly coveted as some new matter of political chicken and fish; no one looks ahead to woolcock and other treats in the way of game, he dates its chronology by the approach of August—it is the time of its appearance. The whole alphabet of human concerns is slammed, somehow or other, to this all absorbing topic; and we, with the whole country, beer of voters in the whole United States, shall be exceedingly glad when the ballot box has at last declined the contest.

In our editorial capacity, we strive hard to keep out of the United States Saturday Post every indication of the height of partisan fury. A favorable circumstance in the prosecution of this course is, that "we" which in the management of the Post is an actual plural, not to say somider as the poles in our political notions, and we, to wit, these two extremes, meet on the common and pleasant ground of literature, general intelligence, and the other objects and themes of a paper aiming to be not only strictly neutral, but politically impartial. We shall furnish a sheet which shall be an oasis of pleasant things, in the newspaper desert of political bickering—a value to the family, not to the caucus; a companion for the wives and daughters as well as the men of the land. If men will dine on politics, we wish to furnish an agreeable dessert in enjoying which the ladies may unite with them. And we are grateful in find that our patrons, of all our sensible men, *and of course* approve our design (there's modesty) are so large a party, that if they only did choose once to go in a body with us, we could elect any body. *With us!* there closes the rub again—for unless, like Joe Smith, editor of the Warsaw "Times and Seasons," we nominate ourselves for the big place, and share alike in the perquisites, there could be no agreement in any such movement.

On the high ground of patriotism, common to true men of all parties, we are glad to see the support of candidates for so high and important offices attended with so much anxiety and interest. Out of the United States, no man alive, prince, potentate, or commoner, can aid in so important a measure as the election of a President of this Republic. The humblest citizen of the land, in the choice of the United States, has, in this respect, a higher privilege, and a more responsible and important duty than any crowned head upon earth. In fulfilling his vote he acts directly upon the future course and fortunes of a nation whose history is to be the great example for all time, and whose destiny is to be of momentous consequence, not to any royal race, but to the whole human family. It is a subject for grave deliberation with which, makes the thinking man stand appalled. Can we wonder then that at a time when the most important exercise of a freeman's privilege is pending, the attention of the whole people should be so much absorbed? Assuredly not.

But our duty in the Saturday Post is not to advocate the principles or doctrines of any party. We support no party men; neither do we oppose them, but simply because they are party men. Our motto is "Our Country—*Our Whole* Country." Party dealing is confined to party men: conducted that the development of the human being which is going so propulsively on, under our free institutions, in the midst of the fiercest party conflict, will make our whole people as heretofore, more truly happy and prosperous, even amid the temporary wretchedness of the misguided masses of other countries are, when the result of national glory, (so called when it is so) and the very name of their country is lost in the strife between the aristocracy and plebeians (or reveal us riches,) still leaves the latter—and whatever may be the fate of the former—and that earned only by the perpetual drudgery of the whole house, down to the meanest wood.

By the foreign news in to-day's paper, it will be seen that Mr. O'Connell, in the house of commons, has given notice that on the motion to repeal requires no superior power to call them of news fact that there will be a debate.

The Irish leader has brought forward a new scheme in relation to the Bank of England—or rather of the Bank of England—or rather of charter of the Bank of England. Under the charter of the Bank of England—or rather of the modern existence of the bank in question, which has been longer, subject to renewal at stated periods, and one of the times specified for such renewal is about to arrive. If a majority of the proprietors of the bank are together, it is ten to one, that their conversation is either directly connected with the game—electioneering—or has an incidental bearing upon it. Strawberries and cream cannot be discussed without a dash of the acid of politics; nine tailors in a row, when not discussing tough as that ancient subject; fresh salmon is not so eagerly coveted as some new matter of political chicken and fish; no one looks ahead to woolcock and other treats in the way of game, he dates its chronology by the approach of August—it is the time of its appearance. The whole alphabet of human concerns is slammed, somehow or other, to this all absorbing topic; and we, with the whole country, beer of voters in the whole United States, shall be exceedingly glad when the ballot box has at last declined the contest.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By T. Babington Macaulay. ... Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. ...

Notices of the Dead.

Death of a Patriot.—The Richmond Inquirer announces the death, at the residence in Powhattan, on the 17th of May, of Major John Clark, in the 79th year of his age. This gentleman, in very early youth, served his country during the war of the Revolution, first as a volunteer, and then in the regular army. He afterwards became eminently distinguished for genius, especially in mechanics, which he signally displayed in the construction of the works of the Virginia Armory, that cannot even yet be forgotten, and which attracted universal attention; and made him an object of admiration to all men. He numbered among his warm personal friends many of the most eminent men of merit in the country.

☞ Among the deaths recently announced in England, is that of William Beckford, Esq., the author of "Vathek," and other well known publications, which took place on the 2d ult., at Bath. Mr. Beckford was in his 84th year, and, with Rogers and Wordsworth, at the time of his death, was the oldest of the eminent living authors of Great Britain.

Decease of Patriots.—The Boston Spa Gazette announces the death of three revolutionary pensioners, at Genville, New York, last week, viz. Garret Van Eppes, aged 80 years; —— Hedding, aged 94; also, —— Van Voast, who served in the French and American war, aged 104 years. All within a distance of four miles of each other.

☞ Departed this life, on Thursday, May 30th, James Banks, Esq., of Byrum, Conn., aged 92 years. He was a revolutionary soldier, and one of the unfortunate prisoners confined in the sugar house of the city of New York, in the year 1778.

☞ Cornelius Verbryck, one of our most accomplished young artists, died at his residence in Brooklyn, on Friday evening week, after a lingering illness of consumption.

☞ S. M. Cucullu, Esq., Collector of the port of New Orleans, died at Pass Christian, on the 29th ult., where he had gone in the hope of improving his health.

Congressional.

In Senate, Wednesday, May 29. There was but a short session, the attendance being thin. Mr. Choate reported a bill for the indemnification of sufferers from French spoliations prior to 1800. Among the bills passed was one appropriating $150,000 to construct a canal around the Falls of St. Mary.

In the House. In the House a bill was passed relative to the bonds of collectors. After some short time in Committee of the Whole, it being discovered that no quorum was present, the committee rose, and the House adjourned.

In Senate Thursday, May 30. After the presentation of memorials and petitions, a resolution was submitted by Mr. Pearce and adopted, directing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of repealing any duty upon Guano. A bill giving pensions to certain widows was engrossed. A resolution was adopted that the Secretary of the Treasury report what amount of duties would be remitted on railroad iron, including all imported since July 14th, 1832, and laid over within three years. A joint resolution was adopted prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol. Mr. McDuffie addressed the Senate in support of his revenue bill, after which the Senate went into Executive session.

In the House, a joint resolution was adopted, requiring the heads of departments periodically, and the President every four years, to furnish inventories of the public property within their respective possession.

In Committee of the Whole the pension bill giving half pay to certain widows was discussed, and laid aside to be reported without amendment.

In Senate, Friday, May 31. After the presentation ...

... was to this effect: that those members who have heretofore made speeches with reference to Mr. Van Buren, be allowed to strike that name out, and substitute the name of Mr. Polk. Long and continued laughter followed this.

In Senate, Tuesday, June 4. In Senate, the House Bill fixing the same day throughout the United States for the general election was reported with amendments, the principal object of which is to postpone the operation of the bill till after the next election.

In the House, the Appropriation Bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steamship Caledonia, at Boston, after the remarkably short passage of twelve and a half days, we have Liverpool dates to the 19th of May. The intelligence is various, and of much interest. It will be noticed under the proper head that cotton has experienced what the newspapers call "a terrible revulsion." It has fallen ¼ to ⅜ per pound.

PARLIAMENTARY.

In the Lords on Friday the 17th of May, Lord Brougham inquired if any thing definite had taken place between the authorities in England and the United States with regard to Texas? The Earl of Aberdeen said he was not prepared at present to give a positive answer to the noble and learned lord; there certainly was a treaty for the annexation of Texas to the United States, which had been signed, but not ratified, and he certainly shared in the hope that Congress would not agree to the treaty. It was necessary that two-thirds of Congress should agree to it before it could be ratified. Both of the speakers emphatically declined having contemplated, in connection with this question, the least interference with the institutions of the United States.

The re-charter of the Bank of England is up for discussion, and on the 6th of May, Sir Robert Peel brought forward a scheme for improving the banking system of the country which, it is stated, has met with all but universal approbation. He proposes to divide the Bank of England into two branches—one to be a bank of issue, the other a bank of deposit. The former to issue paper to the extent of fourteen millions sterling, the Government holding ...

... sioners sitting at Bologna, were shot in that city on the 14th instant. The best friends of the Papal Government deprecate these executions.

Another change of ministry has taken place in Spain; the seventh in twelve months.

The Portuguese Government have compromised with the rebels who held Almeida, by allowing Benifim and his officers to retire into Spain, and the insurgent soldiers to return to their homes, on laying down their arms.

Accounts are received from Albania, of another dreadful massacre; hopes are entertained that they may prove exaggerated, but there is every reason to suppose that they are too true. The Greek town of Egri Palanka, situated between Uscup and Giustandie, in Roumelia, is said to have been attacked, pillaged, and burnt, by a large body of insurgent Albanians; and it is added that upwards of two thousand of the Christian inhabitants were massacred.

A new ministry has been formed in Greece, under Prince Mavrocordato. It is composed almost wholly, of men well-known, who have held office at different periods during the war of independence, and since Greece has become a kingdom.

MARKETS.

United States Securities.—The business done in the U. S. Bonds has consisted of the following—our quotations being the last obtained:—Illinois sixes 1870, 40; Kentucky sixes, 1868, 93; New York fives 1855, '58, '60, 92¼ a 94½; Pennsylvania fives, 1854 to 1864, 70; U. States Bank, 11 2s.

Liverpool Cotton Market, May 18.—No change has taken place in our cotton market since our report of yesterday. The sales to-day have not exceeded 2,600 bales, including 300 bales taken on speculation, and business closes very heavily.

May 17.—The tone of our market has undergone a complete change since the arrival of the steamship Acadia, on Wednesday morning last. The advices which she brings, show the receipts of cotton of the United States to be much larger than was anticipated, and there has been a sudden diminution in the demand, and fall of price. American descriptions have receded ⅛d. ...

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Methodist Conference on Saturday passed two resolutions, yeas 110, nays 68, requesting Bishop Andrews to desist from exercising the functions of his office until the alleged disabilities in his case are removed. An attempt was made on Monday to procure the passage of a resolution declaring the above advisory and not mandatory, and postponing ornal action on the case till 1848, but no vote was had.

A series of resolutions were then presented, proposing a plan for dividing the Church into two General Conferences, the Northern and Southern, and a Committee of seven were appointed to whom they were referred.

The Convention adjourned on Friday.

SABBATH CONVENTION.

The State Sabbath Convention organized on Thursday of last week, by appointing Hon. James Clark, President. An eloquent opening address was delivered by Dr. Bethune, of this city. Committees were appointed to prepare addresses to Christians and the people at large, which, in due time, will be presented to the public. On the first Committee are Messrs. Black, of Pittsburg, Spey, of Easton, Greenbank, of Lebanon, Judge Cooper, of Dauphin, and Mr. Dale, of Dauphin. The second composed of Rev. Messrs. Brainerd, Clark and Moore, Rev. Dr. Bethune, Dr. Bullock, and John Smith, of Chambersburg.

Maryland P. E. Church.—The following are the elections made at the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in Maryland:

Standing Committee.—Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Mason, and Dr. Atkinson.

Delegates to the Convention.—Clergymen—Revds. Dr. Wyatt, Dr. Spencer, Dr. Hawley, C. F. Jones, T. H. McKenney, L. J. Gillis and Thos. Billup. *Lay Members*—S. I. Donaldson, Esq., Hon. E. F. Chambers, Dr. James Stewart and A. C. Magruder, Esq.

Baptist Schools.—The number of Sabbath Schools in connection with the Baptist Churches in Massachusetts, is 189; scholars 22,273; teachers 2,815; and 51,983 volumes in their ...

The Markets.

ALMANAC.

June, 1844.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
8 Saturday,	4 37	7 23	8 37	
9 Sunday,	4 37	7 23	9 20	D. H. M.
10 Monday,	4 36	7 23	10 2	
11 Tuesday,	4 36	7 24	10 45	
12 Wednesday,	4 36	7 24	11 30	Last 7 3 30
13 Thursday,	4 36	7 24	12 18	New 15 7 25
14 Friday,	4 36	7 24	12 59	First 23 10 21
15 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	1 41	Full 30 1 12

Married,

On the 23d ult. by Friends' ceremony, William Cook, to Julia A. Hance, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, Morris S. Wickersham, M.D., to M. Catharine, daughter of R. O'Neil, all of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Kennard, Mr. John F. Shade, to Miss Jane Locken, both of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. John Woolson, Geo. Toy, to Alice Lower, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Edward Covel, Mr. Henry Foster, of Newark, N. J. to Miss Hannah Street, of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the same, Mr. Wm. Keunets, to Miss Amelia Thompson, all of Philada.

On 22d ult. by the Rev. Geo. Higgins, Mr. David H. Henry, to Miss Emeline Garrison.

On the 28th ultimo, by the same, Mr. Isaac P. Whetstone, to Miss Elizabeth H. Miller.

On the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. Adam Moffitt, to Miss Mary Streton.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Urie, Mr. J. E. Fernley, to Miss Sarah J. Hannings, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. at St. James' Church, by the Rev. Geo. E. Hare, Sidney V. Smith, to Felixine, daughter of the late James Teisseire.

May 30th, by the Rev. G. B. Perry, D.D., Mr. Jabez Jones, to Miss Charity W. Hannah, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. Thomas Switzer, to Miss Anna Wiley, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by Elder William Wharton, Robert Brewer, to Miss Caroline Linconhaley, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. W. Grier, Chaplain of the U. S. Navy, Edward Allen, of the U. S. Navy, to Caroline Johanna, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Phillips.

On the 29th ultimo, Walter Cresson, of this city, to Alice, daughter of Joseph Hansom, of Delaware county.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Anson Rood, Mr. Cyrus C. Moore, to Miss Catharine Bower, all of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. Charles Griffith, to Miss Mary Russell.

Died,

On the 4th inst. James Albertson, Jr. in the 22d year of his age.

On the 4th inst. Mary, daughter of Caleb and Hannah F. Clothier, aged 7 months and 13 days.

...

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

(BEING THE ARTIST AND WORLD OF FASHION COMBINED)

A NEW VOLUME WITH JULY.

EDITED BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, & CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The great popularity which this Magazine has gained, has led the proprietor to make still further improvements in it, *beginning with the new volume in July*, 1844. It is his determination that it shall *surpass*, at $2,00 per annum, any of the Ladies' Magazines published at $3,00, so that, as a PERIODICAL FOR THE SEX, it shall be unrivalled. A new era in magazines has begun with the LADIES' NATIONAL.

ITS UNPRECEDENTED CHEAPNESS

must make it a favorite everywhere, for in this respect it has no competitor whatever, when the beauty of its illustrations are considered. Other periodicals have been, it is true, attempted, but *they have been only re-prints of old newspaper stories*, while in this Magazine the

CONTENTS ARE ALWAYS ORIGINAL.

Every article, let it be remembered, inserted in the "Ladies' National," is by a known author, and *bought expressly for this book*, instead of being selected. The writers, moreover, are chiefly Ladies. Our magazine has been the only one, during this year, to publish numbers made up of contributions

WHOLLY FROM THE SEX.

Nor are these from indifferent, or even second-rate writers.

Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
E. F. ELLETT,
FRANCES S. OSGOOD,
CAROLINE ORNE,
ANNE P. DINNIES,
A. B. WELBY,
M. ST. LEON LOUD,
C. LEE HENTZ,
F. E. F.,
Miss LAWSON,
Miss LYNCH,
Miss DAVENANT,
Miss ASHTON,
A. M. F. ANNAN,

And all the other female writers of note, contribute to our pages; while the book is edited by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS ...

Poetry.

ARNINGS.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

Time, the closet each mortal doubts,
And of what it shuts and what it outs,
And o'er us bright and noiseless strides,
From vantage last years' hours,
Has now to bring us youthful glee
Usually dreadful performance
Commissioned by children such as are
Also? I'm growing old.

My smile betrays the toothless gap,
My stomach scorns the food I eat,
And fain by a digestive nap,
I'd pass the afternoon.

To spoil for all my gastronomic tricks,
With sober fable alone I wait,
Mere spectacle old,
Most optically old.

How sings the world I little care;
Ballots, rather, nor pageant cure
Can stir me from my cozy chair,
And half I now am told
May chance to entice me gape or groan
To hear the tales I long have known.
I know how all I've told my ears,
Forgave me—I grow old.

Millions of hours have I seen,
Read books and pondered all they mean,
Lived with the lives of many men
Before my sight unveiled,
Till memory, full of world so fast,
Has stores and treasures of the past,
Now slips beneath her load so fast
That hint that I grow old.

With calm glass and joyous host,
The bumper pledge so merry I hoist,
The ladies call the queen I toast,
And prudence bids me hold
A hand so gray and frail as this
No more,—for once, "must write with wine"
Is written on the wall for me,
And with a rosy parting glow of

My early friends have drop'd around,
The gay survivors few are found,
Their pleasures I partake,
Their friend' friend had still I,
And lately I've dwelled on my knee
Since I was cursed of thirty-three,
Now stalk in hooded augury,
Proclaiming, I grow old.

I've seen the shore, I've bid my host,
Seen Autumn crowd, dominion reaped,
And made for Frane, and heaven for Fleury,
Pay duteous calls and linger
My vernal dreams no more deceive,
My bubbles break, yet wherefore grieve,
Or quarrel with a world I leave,
I grow old.

And yet thou are my earn, I pray,
Accessed out the set of day,
When I am summoned where away,
Nor shame the Parish we have had
That they the mortal rest we leave
Of one who, living, held a debt
To each other, and a best always,
Who never more grew old.

Our Traveller.

THE CHURCHYARD
PERE LA CHAISE, IN PARIS.

Free Translation from the German.

Paris has often been compared to a stage, every man living in it being an actor. The waves that toss about in this ocean seem to be indeed run high, and even distinguished men require magnifying where every one is accustomed to see wills. *Charlatanerie* is in Paris a thing indispensable; required by the prominent statesman, the celebrated academician, and the commanding general himself in the same degree as by the retail shop-keeper, who paints his name and the wares he offers for sale in a dozen times over doors and windows; or the locksmith, who hangs out of his shop an enormous gilt key, or the hair-dresser, who keeps a live bear at his window to draw notice to the public that his pomatum is all made of the grease of this ferocious animal.

Even death walks here on the stage, and Charlatanery follows the weary mortal to the very portals of the dark Empire of Shades. A funeral, according to our plain notions, is a silent, earnest, pious ceremony, in which the relatives, friends and fellow citizens of the deceased accompany his mortal remains to their final resting place. No other motives prompts the act but love and respect. But a funeral in Paris is a great spectacle which attracts the curious, and through which the survivors hope to make an impression. Pomp and appearance on the one side, and astonishment on the part of the spectators, are all that is aimed at. Sorrow and truth are buried before the funeral.

The truth of this remark is exhibited at all the large funerals, which occur but too frequently in a city like Paris, where many millionaire, dignitary, or *homme célèbre* is almost daily entering the dark chamber of death. It is looked upon by the Parisians as a grand spectacle, and affords them as much amusement as a conflagration, an execution, an illumination or a grand parade of the Tuileries. The precautionary measures of the armed force—military and political—which are the necessary concomitants of every funeral of note in France, are never wanting at these funerals. Guards of soldiers are placed on the Boulevards, troops of the National Guards and the police are posted at every corner of the streets, and on every square passed by the procession. The houses through which they are closed (unless here) cries the sentinel on duty. People assemble from all the adjoining streets; and the Boulevards are gradually presenting a dense mass of human beings. Old and young, men, women and children, all come, all question, and stand still to hear and to see. The loud conversation resembles the roar of the ocean during a tempest. The tumult increases with the nearer for the best places; and is at times, interrupted by peals of laughter at the witticism and *calembourgs* of the gamins. "What's the matter?" inquires every new comer. "Nothing at all. They bury a General—*un grand homme*," is the laconic reply.

The day itself is nothing more entertaining and agreeable than such a funeral. The hour approaches when the procession is to pass. The windows of all the houses in the street or place are filled from the second to the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth stories with men and women, dressed in all colors, white, green, blue, red, pink, according to the caprices of fashion. Even the chimneys exhibit groups of curious spectators, who are conversing, gesticulating, laughing; everybody seems to enjoy himself—it is the assembled audience of a national theatre, before the curtain rises. Voila tout!

Municipal and city guards make the mass fall back in the meantime; military science prevails—at a distance you perceive a waving sheet approaching through the multitude. It is a banner. The banner is overhung with white sheets, and is drawn by white horses. A crown of myrtles is placed on the coffin, shrouded in white linen. A troop of veiled girls, dressed in white, follow the banner. It is the hope of a mother, a virgin girl, who they are leading to the grave, and these are the emblems of her innocence! *C'est le cercueil*—repeats the thrill is the hero in petticoats—*c'est le cercueil*—and the word, from the crowd, runs the air in every direction.

A pause follows—impatience and fatal curiosity cause thousands to rise on tiptoe again the municipal guards to form a circle. A sensation of evening! A coming! A coming! announces a voice, and the hearse is in sight, by a magic wand, remains still in open by a column of fusileers with arms carried by six black plumed horses, by six black plumed carriage of the deceased, by six black horses, by six black plumed carriage of the deceased, by six black horses. The hearse is adorned with a lofty changing plumes, are with the arms of the deceased. On silver, with the arms of the rank of the deceased. Servants carry on the corner of the hearse and decorated by the deceased, covered with a black velvet, the hearse. The comrades honor of the deceased, covered with a black velvet, the hearse. The comrades honor of the deceased, covered with a black velvet, the hearse. The comrades honor of